



The great joke was Sammy in society

who had been struggling against every sort of business difficulty for five years, setting on its feet a concern that was practically lifeless and supposed to be beyond hope, the letter seemed a hoax. He quickly found that it was not. He walked into the banker's office the next day. An hour later he came out, the head of an important corporation at a salary of \$40,000 a year, with the privilege of carrying on his private interests as he pleased.

Three days before, the big banker had not known that Joshua T. Jones existed, and Jones had only known the banker as a wonderful name, a master in the realm of money. What the banker did know was that there were Joshua Joneses in the world, many of them, if he could only put his hands on one. Hundreds of thousands—nay, millions—of dollars hung on his finding a man of this type and skill. Sooner or later he would discover him.

It was in the "club car" of a "millionaire special" running out of New York one afternoon that the banker landed his fish. He had winnowed Wall Street and every other commercial field he knew—vainly. On the train, chance threw him next to the lawyer, Cortwright.

The banker eyed his old friend. He directly invoked his aid. "I am up against a problem, Simeon," he said. "Perhaps you can help me." Then he told the story. A year or so before the big banking firm had advanced funds to a certain large industrial corporation. It was a good business risk then, a profitable one. The manufacturing company was strong at the bottom, but at the moment was sailing close-hauled to the wind. Cash was needed to buy in competing patents. It was forthcoming, and the deals were closed. But no sooner was the company given its fresh start than its chief, a man in the prime of life, died suddenly. At first this did not seem a body blow. But after six months had passed the banking firm saw that there was no successor on the pay-roll of the concern, who could measure up to the job. More and more this became evident. A new directing force must be found, from the outside, and at once. There it was in a nutshell. The banker was terse and vigorous.

Cortwright meditated. "I think I know the man for you," he said at last. "He is ripe from the tree. You big men have n't discovered him yet. Somebody will get him soon, and why not you, Pemberton?" He stopped dramatically. "Do you know the X. Y. Z. Company?"

LANDING THE BIG JOB HELP WANTED: THE \$30,000 MAN

BY CROMWELL CHILDE

ILLUSTRATIONS by B. CORY KILVERT

IN HIS MAIL, one morning Joshua T. Jones found a brief letter from a very big banker of Wall Street. It mentioned Simeon Cortwright, the well known corporation lawyer, having spoken of him, and asked if he could make it convenient to call upon the writer within the next day or two.

To J. T. Jones, aged thirty-five,

Yes, the Wall Street man remembered; X. Y. Z. was a concern in some sort of grocery specialties that had been a very "lame duck" and gradually had made itself into a business worth while.

"The X. Y. Z. Company, as it now is," went on Cortwright, "is one man—Joshua Jones. You have never heard of him, and no need to search your memory. He was originally an undersalaried salesman. When things went from bad to worse with the X. Y. Z., he stuck like a leech. That's a trait of his—to stick; you can't shake him off. When the rats scuttled away from the sinking ship, he somehow got himself in command. Command! It was a sorry enough command! So everybody said but Joshua Jones. Pluck! Not mastery—business sense of a high order! For three years Jones was never sure any morning that he would be able to pull through the day. He drew a salary that an entry clerk would have been ashamed of, and did private accounting in the evening to pay his board bill. He and his wife had fifty-cent theater seats weekly. That was their sole amusement. I know. Clients of mine held claims against the company. I talked ten minutes with Jones, and I said to my clients: 'Wait, you'll get your money. Give him time.' Well—they got every cent. Pretty substantial concern now, John!"

NOT always so dramatically, but in ways more or less similar does the "big job" today find the man who can fill it. Joshua Jones and men of his stamp are the most earnestly and eagerly looked-for men in American business life. They are cheerfully given from \$10,000 to \$50,000 a year, generally much nearer the larger sum. Capital has discovered that they are the cheapest executives it can get. Less expensive men are vastly more costly in the long run.

The demand is steadily growing, and the really able man does not have to wait long to be discovered.

In the very shadow of the New York Stock Exchange, in a big suite of offices, sits a man who has organized many enterprises and has the confidence of investors. As great financiers go, he is not especially prominent. The general public would not recognize his name if it were given here. In a casual way this man said the other day, while chatting in one of the New York clubs:

"I can place half a dozen men, if they are of the right sort, within a week, at salaries of from \$10,000 to \$30,000. I can't get them too soon, and the salary does n't matter. The trouble is that men who measure up to positions of this sort are difficult

to find, only those of us who must have them know how difficult. They are to be had by capable searching, and in no other way."

THIS man is one of dozens of magnates in the financial centers of the country bent quietly on this one quest, the high salaried men that they need. Quiet hunting is an essential, otherwise the seekers would be overrun by the small fry, highly respectable, commonplace men worth \$4,000 to \$5,000 a year and not a cent more, easily replaceable. The financier, therefore, is chary about advertising his need, never lets it be known that he wants a man of this stripe. He quietly scours the country over, letting no possibility escape. Hundreds of youths would be astonished if they knew that they were being secretly weighed and measured by men they have never heard of, in inner offices of the Street.

Expanding business and industry have made the "top of the ladder" far less crowded than it used to be. The lower rungs are still thronged, even more than ever. But up at the top men are always lacking. There is an increasing and never-

ending demand for them. It is not that there are not enough such men, but that they are difficult to discover. Thousands of dollars are spent in hunting for them, and the search takes time. An error in choice might mean the wrecking of a great concern. The chieftains who choose have to be sure. It is the most difficult task to which they set themselves.

It is not chance that brings the big job and the very high salaried employee together, though it often appears to be. Not long ago a big corporation executive determined to start a new department as soon as he could put his hands on the right man. Months went by and he made no move. Less able men would have wondered if they had known, for the new venture was in a field where there were many experts and people of high reputation. One day this corporation president saw a letter. It was written by a man he had never met, never heard of; some one not in the new line at all. A word or two in its phrasing, a clever meeting of a situation, the brains behind it, caught him. He made guarded inquiries. The man had a first-rate record so far as it went, but his opportunities had been limited.

The "candidate" never knew it, but he was already all but decided upon. The chief wanted but one more



"I'm going to have other fellows do the work"



As great financiers go, he is not especially prominent



Did private accounting in the evening to pay his board bill